

Stranger Things 3 by fester01

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Martin Brenner, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Original Male Character(s), Steve Harrington, Will Byers

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Summary:

Takes place the summer after the events portrayed in Stranger Things 2.

Stranger Things 3

Author's Note:

I tried really hard to get through this chapter without using dialogue, but couldn't quite make it (inspired by WalkerWalkerChick's opening chapter of "The Larger World." If anyone is a fan of the Walking Dead, read her trilogy, starting with "The Stray Passenger." All 3 stories are brilliant, easily the best TWD fanfic I've ever read).

Yes, we will see more familiar characters starting in the next chapter, I promise. I wanted to give you a sense of the original character first. I'm not sure how many chapters this will have or how often I will post. Real life may get in the way.

I do not own Stranger Things. It is owned by the brilliant, amazing Duffer Brothers.

Chapter One: Homecoming

The boy moved quickly and quietly in the dark, dressing and slipping on his backpack in total silence. He hoped he was ready, knowing that a month of watching and waiting came down to this moment. He would only have one chance. He treaded lightly across his second-story bedroom in order to avoid alerting the agents on first-floor duty that anything was amiss. His plan required them to be unaware until it was too late for them to react.

Opening his bedroom door, he peered out towards the stairs. Seeing the hall was empty, he eased his way to the top of the staircase and listened for voices or movement. For a moment, he could only hear the sound of his heart thumping nervously, then slowly, he became aware of the sound he was hoping to hear: the TV in the living room playing a baseball game, interspersed with the low voices of the agents. He carefully made his way down the stairs, making sure to avoid the stairs that he knew from experience creaked. Reaching the landing, he took a deep breath and headed towards the noise. As he

rounded the corner into the living room, he could see the agents, one sitting in a recliner, the other sprawled on the couch. Both died without realizing he was there. Two down. Two more to go. He moved faster now, taking all of the money from their wallets and grabbing one of the radios they used to maintain contact with the perimeter agents. The boy headed for the kitchen, pausing for just seconds to stuff his backpack with the Oreos and Nilla Wafers the elderly caretakers kept on hand for him. They were the only ones who were kind to him, and he was glad they were only here during the day. He had no desire to hurt them, and hoped they wouldn't get into any trouble in the next few days because of this. He also grabbed three cans of Coke from the refrigerator. Feeling a little hungry, he also stuffed an apple in the pocket of his windbreaker, hoping he would get the chance to eat it that night.

He pressed himself against the wall next to the door that led outside from the kitchen, cautiously peering out the window in the door - and immediately pulled back as one of the perimeter agents walked past, less than three feet away. Looking at his wristwatch, he forced himself to wait thirty seconds, then slipped out the door, closing it behind him. He turned and started walking the same way the agent had gone. Reaching the corner of the house, he turned and took down the third agent. Leaving the body where it fell, and knowing he was now only facing one more agent, he moved more confidently.

The final man was sitting on the deep front porch overlooking the long driveway that linked the house to the county road. In a split-second, the final agent was down. Looking at the dead man's face, he realized it was the meanest of the agents, the one who most liked punishing the boy when he failed. If the boy had known it was him, he would have killed the agent in a slower way. The boy took the money from both of these agents as well, hoping what he had would be enough. Knowing there was a fifth agent at the entrance to the driveway, a distance of a half-mile, he opted to go from the back of the house into the woods, running across the open yard and into the woods, not slowing down until he could no longer see the lights from the house.

Finally slowing to a quick walk, he pulled the apple from his pocket and began eating it. It was a humid night, but a light breeze was

blowing, so he walked for over an hour without stopping to rest. His effort was rewarded when he came upon what he was hoping to find; a tractor-trailer being fueled at a gas station. He waited as the driver filled the tank, checking his watch. 10:43 PM. Surely by now they were looking for him. He had to make this work. He removed the watch and rubbed his wrist where it had been. Glancing down, there was just enough moonlight to make out the numbers etched into his skin: 009.

Seeing the driver placing the nozzle back into the pump, he quickly put the watch back on and made his way out of the woods and across the lot, making sure to keep the body of the huge vehicle between himself and the gas station, the boy unlocked the passenger door and climbed into the cab, settling into the sleeper in the back. When the driver got into the cab and started the engine, he noticed nothing amiss and began driving northwest. The boy maintained the illusion so that if the driver looked in the back, he would only see his sleeper cabin, exactly as he had left it. Listening to the driver talking to other drivers on his CB, the boy slowly began to relax, ever so slightly. He carefully reviewed the plan in his mind, stopping only two hours and 120 miles later when the driver signed off from the conversation he was having with another trucker, saying he needed a shower and a real bed for a change as he pulled into a motel parking lot and parked in the back. When the driver went into the motel to get a room, the boy stopped projecting the illusion and ran from the truck into the woods at the edge of the lot. He found a large tree overlooking the small shopping center next to the motel, and sat with his back against it. He placed the backpack between his legs and took out a can of Coke and the Oreos. Once he was situated as comfortably as he could be, the boy ate a half-dozen cookies and sipped the soda while surveying the shopping center. In addition to the motel, there was a gas station, Blockbuster, and a small diner. Good. That should do nicely. Satisfied with what he saw, the boy settled back against the tree to get some sleep. He didn't bother setting his watch alarm, knowing he would not be able to sleep well.

He woke with the sun. Stretching and yawning, he winced as his sore muscles protested at the sudden movement. He checked the time, seeing it was just after 7 AM. He rose, put on his pack, and walked out of the woods and into the diner. He went directly to the restroom

to clean up and relieve himself. After he washed and dried his hands, he took a seat in a window booth. The waitress doted on him, saying she had a nephew about his age. He listened politely to the nice lady as he ate his bacon, eggs, and toast. Washing it down with a glass of chocolate milk, he left a tip after paying, making sure he kept enough change to use the pay phone. When he had arranged for the taxi, he hung up and waited by the door until it arrived. When he slid into the back seat, the boy told the driver to take him to the nearest bus station. While they were driving, he quickly counted his remaining money. He still had \$211.20.

When they arrived at the Greyhound station 25 minutes later, he paid the driver and went inside and saw there was a map hanging on the wall. It had all of the bus routes for the entire country on it. He studied it, then glanced to his right, where some brochure racks were hanging on the wall. One contained smaller copies of the map on the wall. He took one, folded it, and put it in his pocket. He made his way to the ticket counter and with the clerk's help, was able to purchase a ticket that would take him from Harrisonburg, VA to his destination.

The clerk looked at the ticket and said "Hawkins, Indiana. What's there?" As the boy put on his pack and took the ticket, he looked up and said one word. "Home."